

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

FADE IN:

EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE - SMALL BEDROOM - DAY

Bed sheets tumbled across the mattress. Clothes from the closet are spilled onto the floor, messy and careless. The windows are open, letting in summer air. PUSH IN closer in this oddly set setting.

At the far end of the bedroom is a closet, its doors open. Inside is a teenaged girl (about 16). She is crouched beneath in darkness, her face barely seen from this angle. This is SONNET. She is doing something with her hands but it is not able to be seen.

WIDE SHOT of the whole bedroom.

SONNET (V.O.)  
This is my bedroom.  
(after a pause)  
This was my bedroom.

Insect noises from outside.

SONNET (V.O.) (cont'd)  
All I have is here.

TITLE: MEMORIES.

CUT TO BLACK.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Summer noises buzzing by. From the stairs coming down to the first floor are thundering footsteps -- it is from SONNET. She carries a backpack on one shoulder, her clothes torn and patched together not too well.

She goes over to the kitchen near a sink. Turning on the knob, tiny strands of water come out. Desperately does Bella gulp it all into her mouth.

SONNET (V.O.)  
Early morning and the sun is already  
burning.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SONNET (V.O.) (cont'd)

(after a pause)

The house in which I live in for these past years still belongs to my family... but I do not see them anymore.

(after a pause)

My hourglass has been drained for too long.

Finished, she takes out a CANTEEN and begins filling it up with what little water there is left. Once it is full, SONNET screws the cap back on and closes the faucet.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE

SONNET opens the door and walks her way out.

SONNET (V.O.)

I saw a person die once.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

SONNET running on a gravel road towards a lying body, desperate.

SONNET (V.O.)

It was a woman. She was older than me, yet very young.

SONNET checks for any wounds on the YOUNG DYING WOMAN. The questions SONNET asks the Young Dying Woman are muted as well as the woman's responses.

SONNET (V.O.) (cont'd)

I cleaned up any possible wounds. Yet I couldn't save her.

The YOUNG DYING WOMAN is crying, pleading for mercy. SONNET is crying too, her head pressed on the YOUNG DYING WOMAN'S chest. She keeps trying, however.

SONNET (V.O.) (cont'd)

Although I promised the woman that she will be all right, I was wrong.

(after a pause)

I lied... I lied...

The YOUNG DYING WOMAN is still. Her eyes are open, but she doesn't move.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SONNET watches her, shocked. Her hands tremble.

SONNET (V.O.) (cont'd)  
And she died, just like that.

SONNET closes the YOUNG DYING WOMAN'S eyes. It is as if she is sleeping.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONG TRAIL - DAY

SONNET walks with one shoulder slumped. No one walks by -- only trees surround her. Walking alone, it's as if she were a ghost.

*INSERT CUT: A MAN (40s) in the bathroom. His back is leaning next to the sink. He is filled with stress.*

SONNET stops. Her eyes are teary.

EXT. TOWN - DAY

SONNET walking again, less confident than before.

SONNET (V.O.)  
I was a little girl when my mother told me I had photographic memory -- it was in our blood.  
(after a pause)  
As I leave, it is the only way I remember things. Back when they were... happier.

A small smile appears on her face. A sad one.

SONNET (V.O.) (cont'd)  
All I have is memories. And everyone knows that memories aren't enough to make a person happy. Nobody lives off of memories.

INT. OLD HOUSE - CELLAR - NIGHT

Except for the lantern hanging above, everywhere else is dark. SONNET sits in the cellar, thinking to herself. On her lap is a plate with small rations of food. She eats it.

She moves the lantern a little closer to her. In reach, she turns it off.

CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

SONNET hiking, drinking more water from her canteen.

SONNET (V.O.)

I remember my mother, one of the kindest and loveliest people I had ever met. Remembering her face now, it surprises me that I can still form a perfect, mental picture of her.

(after a pause)

When I was little, she told me that when there was a time when I couldn't hold on any longer, it would be perfectly fine I just let go. I believed her. Which is what I decided to do.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRASS FIELDS - DAY

Wind whistles by. SONNET, by herself, lies down on the fields filled with grass looking straight up at the sky. In one hand she has a flower. She twirls it around.

There is a noise -- possibly an animal. SONNET sits up, looking around. The sound is gone now.

Suspicious, she slowly goes back to lying down.

AT THE SKY. Beautiful-looking with clouds passing by at steady pace. SONNET admires it.

SONNET (V.O.)

I remember my father, who told me that I wrote the most profound poetry than any other writer can muster.

(after a pause)

I didn't quite believe him at first, but time passed and I wrote more, I had begun to realize what he meant by that.

SONNET reaches a hand out into the sky.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SONNET (V.O.) (cont'd)  
It wasn't just the words. It wasn't  
just the meaning. It was more than  
that.

(after a pause)  
It was the music hidden in between  
the words.

EXT. LAKE - DAY

WIDE SHOT. A calm lake with a small home not too far away on  
land. SONNET walks across here.

SONNET (V.O.)  
And then I remember my siblings -- a  
little brother and a little sister.  
Being the oldest, there was no one to  
look up to.

SONNET glances at the cottage.

SONNET (V.O.) (cont'd)  
Summer had already peaked when we  
went to a cottage for a small  
vacation away from home.  
(after a pause)  
The very sight of it now chills me to  
the bone.

INT. SMALL HOME - DAY

Sunlight peeks in as the door opens up. SONNET comes in from  
the outside, inspecting the place.

She turns on a flashlight. Scans the place with the small  
beam of light. Nobody appears to be home.

SONNET  
Hello? Anyone still here?

Silence. SONNET gets inside.

EXT. SMALL HOME - DAY

(THIS IS SEEN FROM OUTSIDE): thumping noises from the  
inside.

We see a regular window. More thumping sounds until the  
window cracks. SONNET opens it up, small clouds of dust  
floating.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SONNET (V.O.)

I decided to stay at the small house for a short period of time. I'm sure someone will be looking for me, but by the time they'll find me here I'll be gone, farther than they'll think.

EXT. LAKE - DAY

Beside the lake -- on land -- walks SONNET. It is a calm stroll. She looks around, brushing her hair back. She looks very weary.

SONNET (V.O.)

Mother told me as well as father that I had a choice.

(after a pause)

I've been traveling on foot for thirty days and slept on bare ground for thirty nights. On the last day I asked the stars that, when it happens, what will become of me.

LONG PAUSE.

SONNET (V.O.) (cont'd)

They told me I already knew that answer.

EXT. LAKE SHORE - DAY

SONNET cups up water with both hands and washes her face, her hair.

INT. SMALL HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

A dingy, rusty kitchen. The stove is on, small blue flames on top. SONNET cooks food on this particular stove (there may be another backed in a corner) on a pan.

INT. SMALL HOUSE - OLD LIVING ROOM - DAY

SONNET eating from the pan.

EXT. SMALL HOUSE - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

SONNET lying down, looking at the stars. She whispers something, but it is not clear as to what she is saying. They twinkle back as if in response.

SONNET smiles, closing her eyes.

CUT TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK:

EARLY MORNING.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE - DAY - ESTABLISHING

INT. SMALL HOME - BEDROOM - DAY

SONNET packing her things. It is unclear whether she is putting them away or taken it with her.

STAIRS

TRACKING SHOT of SONNET as goes from the second floor to the staircase and down into the first floor. She gets out via back door.

EXT. PATIO - DAY

SONNET walks away from the small home. She is not carrying anything -- she only brings herself.

EXT. GRASS PLAINS - DAY

More walking. The sun shines bright.

EXT. VARIOUS POV'S - DAY

- Rushing water from a river
- Sun in the sky, clouds near and around
- Nearby woods

EXT. SMALL HILL - DAY

SONNET keeps walking, seemingly to no end. Near the top, she stops. She plants both knees to the ground. The sun is shining brighter than ever.

Her eyes are closed, her arms wide open, her lips quivering. Tears start to fall. It seems as if time is standing perfectly still.

Everything is silent.

SONNET

All I ask is forgiveness.

The screen fades into COMPLETE WHITE. It fills up the whole picture.

FADE OUT.

THE END